

OUR TREATMENT OF SPANISH CAPTIVES.

Never before in history was there a case where a defeated and captive enemy received such generous treatment as we gave the Spaniards. Equally astonishing are the cures brought about by Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. Never has there been so successful a medicine for stomach and liver disorders, like dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and constipation.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes, "the murderer must surely have been a printer." "Why?" "See, he ate the dead man's lunch. See a crumb left."

DEAR EDITOR:—If you know of a solicitor or canvasser in your city or elsewhere, especially a man who has solicited for subscriptions, insurance, nursery stock, books or tailoring, or a man who can sell goods, you will confer a favor by telling him to correspond with us; or if you will insert this notice in your paper and such parties will cut this notice out and mail to us, we may be able to furnish them a good position in their own and adjoining counties. Address, AMERICAN BOOKS, 215 N. 10TH ST., CHICAGO.

"How did Bismarck earn the right to get 'Hon.' in front of his name?" "Someone once mentioned him as just the 'pease'."

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

"I wonder why Spain can't fight a war loan?" "Because she sunk the Maine."

We pay you \$100 if we cannot prove that we can save your MONEY on everything you buy. We are saving the people of the Pacific Coast thousands of dollars every year. For particulars, address, Gilbert Clements, 208, 210, 212 California St., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale and Retailers of Family Supplies.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CLEMENTS, 208, 210, 212 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness. Cure for Convulsions. John A. Miller, 401 E. 10th St., San Francisco, Cal., April 21, 1890.

A Duel of Blankets.

A returned missionary from southeastern Alaska tells in The Midland Christian Advocate of a strange custom among the Indians of that region:

When a difference arises between two of them, and a friendly settlement seems impossible, one of them threatens the other with dishonor. He will cover the face of his foe with shame. He executes his threat by tearing up a certain number of his own blankets. The only way his antagonist can get even with him is by tearing up a greater number of his own.

If the contest is prolonged, it results in the destruction of all the blankets they have, each Indian destroying his own. The one who destroys the greater number is regarded as having won the fight.

The Fields of Sport.

From the fields of sport we go to bed and get up full of ambition and ache. The next night, by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, we are soothed to sleep and get up cured.

Poorly-paid help is likely to take its own pay out of the farm. Only a man who values his position will try to fill it well.

Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

EQUIPOISE WAIST

Cure and Cover Combined. Bones can be removed for washing. Something new in baby goods. Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

MRS. M. H. OBER

34 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Ask your grocer for the celebrated

IXL TAMALES

CHILE CON CARNE IN CANS

CHICKEN SOUP

Manufactured and sold by IXL TAMALES CO. (Inc.)

21-23 Tenth St., S. F., Cal.

If your grocer does not sell them write for sample tin at 15c; soup, 25c.

BASE BALL, FOOT BALL.

ATHLETIC AND GYMNASIUM SUPPLIES.

Send For Catalogue.

WILL & FINCK CO. San Francisco.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 40¢ box of natural

discharges, inflammations,

irritations, or eruptions,

not to mention

prevents itching,

confusion, itching,

or eruptions.

Sold by Druggists.

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The Ukiah Hatchery.

One of the most interesting and instructive points to visit in the beautiful little town of Ukiah, the terminus of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, is the fish hatchery, which is located in Gibson Canyon, about one mile from the town. There is a well-graded road the entire distance through a most beautiful part of the country, and the trip is interesting enough from every point of view to warrant a visit from every tourist who chances to find himself in that locality.

During the season of 1897 Mr. A. W. Foster, president of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, being desirous of adding to the attractions of the streams along the line of his road, by thoroughly stocking them with fish, caused to be built at Ukiah a fish hatchery, having a capacity of two million eggs, and arranged with the California State Fish Commission to supply the hatchery with trout spawn, with the agreement that the fish should be planted in public waters. The proposal to build a hatchery met with hearty sympathy and support of the residents of Ukiah, and it took but a short time to complete the buildings, dams, etc., and grade a splendid road up the canyon to the point where the hatchery was located. A. V. La Motte was chosen as superintendent, and H. C. Mohr as assistant, and they were soon busily engaged in hatching some seven hundred thousand Mykiss eggs that had been forwarded by the Fish Commission from Lake Tahoe station. These were successfully hatched and afterward liberated in the streams of Marin, Sonoma and Mendocino counties. Two hundred thousand eggs were again forwarded from the Tahoe hatchery in 1898, the majority of which were successfully hatched and planted. In addition to this, many eggs were taken from Eel river by Mr. La Motte, the superintendent of the hatchery, who established a spawning station at Willette, Mendocino county, about thirty miles from Ukiah. The spawning season at that place commences with the early rains in the fall, and the eggs secured are of the variety known as the Steel Head, while the ones supplied by the State Fish Commission are taken in May and June, are of the variety known as Mykiss or Cut Throat Trout.

During the time the hatchery has been in operation immense numbers of fry have been planted in the numerous streams along the line of the road, the good effects of which are apparent already. Visitors to the hatchery will be received with every courtesy and shown the numerous attractions of the place. The San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad is the only railroad corporation in the United States which owns and operates its own fish hatchery, and deserves much credit for their enterprise.

The continual whipping of the streams in the northern counties has, without doubt, depleted, to a certain extent, the waters, but it is certain that under the plans now being followed out by the company that within a very short time the three counties above mentioned will furnish fishing equal to that of past years and will be second to none in the State.

HOW POMP WAS CONVERTED

Sunday at Church, Where He Was the Only Sinner.

Dr. Payson, the famous and beloved preacher of Portland, Me., used to tell the following pointed story: One very stormy Sunday he went to church, home from his study, because he expected to find nobody there. Just after he had stepped inside the door an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach that day. Dr. Payson was to preach that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town and had been advised to go to his church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made up my mind to preach my sermon if nobody else came."

Nobody else did come, so the doctor preached to the choir and the old negro.

Some months afterward he happened to meet the negro, and stopping him asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday.

"Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'lar, doctor, I never heard a better one. You see, I had a seat pretty well up front, an' whenever you'd say somethin' I'd jes' look all round, ter see nobody on'y jes' me. An' I says to 'mself, 'He must mean you, Pomp; you see a dretful sinner.' Well, doctor, dat ar sermon set me a-thinkin' what a big sinner I war, an' I went an' jined the church down home. I 're a deacon now."—Christian Endeavor World.

One Way of Posting a Letter.

The island of St. Kilda is often visited by tourist steamers in the summer, but its regular mail communication with the mainland, some 150 miles distant, is confined to the annual visits of the steamer which brings the factor and his stores, says Household Words. But if at other times the inhabitants desire to communicate with Great Britain they employ the following curious device: A wicker cage the rough model of a boat from a bill of wood, hollows it partly out, places in the hollow a tin or small bottle containing a letter, nails on a deck, and when the wind is blowing toward the mainland launches the tiny craft, having first connected it with a bladder, which drives along before the wind and acts as a tug to the little mailboat. But the set of the gulf stream frequently drives this curious craft out of its course, and as often as not it reaches the Shetland islands or the coast of Norway, where, however, the letter is pretty sure to be found and posted to its destination.

The Frigate Bird.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

Honors Easy.

"Who carried off the honors at the walk, Rastus?"

"Mr. Sam Johnson, sah, but de Lawd only knows who carried off de cake."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DEVICE.

"UT again to-night!" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his overcoat.

"Yes; I have an engagement with Moore; shall be in early; leave a light in the library; good night." And with a careless nod William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon the sofa, "out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we have been married but two years. No man could have a more orderly house, I am sure. And I never go out anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant. Oh, dear! why is it? I was not rich; he did not marry me for money, and he must have loved me then; why does he now treat me with such neglect? And with her mind filled with such fretful questions, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me print her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back and gathered into a knot at the back. "It was such a bother to curl it," she said. Her cheeks were pale, and her face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chamois wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor cuffs. "What's the use dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the long interval still to be spent alone before bedtime.

The library was over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace due, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what is a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who could have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so perfectly sprightly and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy now?"

Who wants to stay at home and hear his wife whining all the evening about her troubles, servants and headaches and all sorts of bother? She has got that knack of drawing that, upon my life, I do not believe that she could speak a pleasant word."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly a dowdy, her costume was not fit for an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose, and slowly went to her room, with bitter and sorrowful thought, and a firm resolution to win back her husband, and then, his love regained, keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lip as he saw Lizzie. A pretty shirt wrapper, with a neat collar, and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush his admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing, he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

Not one fretful speech nor one complaint fell upon Lizzie's ear during the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gayly on every pleasant subject she thought of, warming by his grateful interest and cordial manner.

"You will be at home to dinner?" she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have business out of town; but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial for me; not expect to dine, good-bye."

And the smiling look, warm kiss and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his lounging, careless gait the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper; "oh, what a fool I have been for two years! A fretful dowdy! William, you shall never say that again."

Tea time came and William came with it; a little figure, in a tasty silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to

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AMERICAN WOMEN.

Their Shortcomings as Seen in a Paris Drawing-Room.

"The longer I live in Paris," writes Laurence Franklin in the Providence Journal, "the more I am convinced that our women have the largest share of beauty and the smallest amount of training among those one meets in the French capital. They have no conception of the value of that quality which the French call 'tenue,' and which embraces the idea of manners, bearing, and speech. Watch the American girl in a salon, on the beach at Dinard, or in the Casino at Ostende. She is invariably the prettiest, and often the best-dressed; but here her superiority ends. She does not hold herself well; she has a way of throwing herself about which detracts from her grace and dignity, while, although she may not talk louder than her neighbors, her voice carries farther and draws the attention of the crowd upon her. She is, in a word, as nonchalant and indifferent to her surroundings as she might be in the privacy of her own room. Do not fancy, however, that this indifference means unconsciousness. No. As a race we are like the English, notably self-conscious. This may be remarked in any salon where a mixed company is gathered. A French girl gladly contributes her share toward the evening's entertainment, however modest it may be, knowing that her listeners will accept her offerings in a sympathetic spirit, for nothing could be more kindly than a French informal gathering. The American girl, in her turn, 'has not music with her,' or 'is not in voice,' or 'is afraid to play before people,' and most often ends by refusing to do anything for the pleasure of her fellow-guests. The chances are, in fact, that she takes flight into an obscure corner and spends her evening with some chosen man friend. Yet the training received by the two nations would lead one to expect diametrically opposite results. The American girl is allowed to grow up without restraint, mingling with the world at every age, playing tennis, golf, riding, bicycling, developing in short, like a child of nature. The French girl, on the contrary, is repressed and shaped from her infancy. She must always wear a veil to save her complexion; play in gloves to keep her hands white; and only take part in games that are not boisterous. At every instant she is told to sit up straight, to take her elbows off the table, to walk with her head erect, to talk quietly and only when spoken to; in a word, her training for the drawing-room begins before she leaves the nursery."—Argonaut.

Matrimonial Item.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Hostetter McGinnis of Johnnie Fewcads.

"I am going to old Bondclipper to ask for the hand of his daughter."

"Which one?"

"That depends upon what kind of a humor he is in. If he is in a good humor I'll propose for the youngest. If he has a cranky spell I'll propose for the oldest."

The Crookedest Stream.

The crookedest brook in America is the No Name Pond brook in Maine, beside which an electric road runs for some distance below Crowleys. The Congo river is no instance to this crooked little stream. It is so crooked that fish caught there have curvature of the spine, according to a Lewiston humorist.

The trouble with too many children is that the education of their parents has been sadly neglected.

IT SEEMED LIKE OLD TIMES.

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